Secret Supper

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Part I

I, John, brother in affliction and heir in the hope of the coming kingdom, leaned close to the heart of the Word made flesh. We sat together in the hush of that upper room, our souls pierced with the weight of mysteries too deep for human reckoning. The evening was heavy with silence, broken only by the murmur of the Lord's voice, each word burning like fire upon my heart. With trembling lips, I spoke unto Him, "Lord, who shall betray Thee?" And He, with the calm of one who knows the end from the beginning, replied, "He that shall have dipped his hand in the dish, into him shall Satan enter. He shall betray me."

A chill fell upon my soul, and I asked once more, "Lord, before the Satan fell, in what splendor did he attend the Father?" Then the Lord, whose eyes behold the dawn and the dusk of all things, answered me: "Among the eternal virtues of heaven he walked, clothed in light, and at the right hand of the throne of the Father invisible he stood. He was the regulator of the spheres and the first among the high ministers, commanding with voice and presence the harmony of the celestial orders. He presided over the companies of the cherubim, the seraphim, and the spirits of fire who serve at the height of heaven. From the regions above the stars to the abyss below, his power flowed freely, and none questioned his dominion, for he bore the radiance of the Father's own will."

"But within him stirred a thought unholy, a desire veiled in pride. He beheld his station and longed to ascend above it. 'I shall place my throne above the clouds,' he whispered in the secret places of his heart, 'and I shall be like unto the Most High.' That word, first uttered in silence, echoed through the firmament, and the light that clothed him began to dim. Yet even then, he did not fall; for he who would exalt himself is given space to wander, so that his fall may be complete. He descended first into the lower air, and there beheld an angel who kept the gate of the firmament. 'Open to me the portals of the air,' he commanded, and they opened before him."

And Satan, descending from the high realm that once knew his brilliance, came into the realm of the lower air, where the light was thin and the breath of heaven grew heavy. There he beheld an angel, majestic yet stern, seated upon the winds as upon a throne. To this angel Satan spoke with authority and veiled command: "Open to me the portals of the air." And the angel, bound by the laws of obedience to the word and order of the Father invisible, opened them. Thus Satan passed through, his splendor diminished yet still bearing echoes of his former glory.

Further still he went, descending into the realm where the waters churned beneath the firmament. There he found another angel, guardian of the deep, poised over the endless expanse. And Satan said unto him, "Open to me the portals of the waters." The angel, by mandate of the Father, opened the gates of the deep, and Satan passed through. The waters, ancient and unknowable, parted before him, and he saw beneath their surface the mystery of the world's foundation.

Below that abyss, walking as if through dreams, he beheld the whole earth still covered by the primordial waters. There, in the stillness of the deep, he discovered two immense fish, yoked together by divine command, lying upon the waters like pillars of hidden strength. Upon their joined backs the earth itself rested, upheld by the eternal will of the Father invisible. The sight moved him not to reverence but to envy, for even in the depths he saw the handiwork of the One whose throne he had desired.

Still lower he descended, drawn by the echo of power and the delusion of dominion. He came to the massed clouds that bore the reservoirs of the sea, heavy with the waters that would later fall as judgment and renewal. Beyond them, further down than the memory of light could reach, he found Gehenna—the hell prepared from the beginning. It burned with fire not kindled by hands, a flame that raged with unending wrath, encircling all with despair and judgment.

But there his descent ceased. For the fire of Gehenna was fierce and consuming, and Satan, though fallen, could not pass through it. The heat was as a wall set by the Father, beyond which no spirit of rebellion might tread. And so he lingered, filled not with repentance but with bitterness and desire, plotting even then how he might yet rise again and set his throne where only the Holy may dwell.

Then Satan, thwarted by the infernal fire and barred from plunging deeper into the abyss, turned upon his path and began to ascend once more. But he did not rise with humility, nor with remorse; rather, he rose swollen with dark cunning, his spirit filled with schemes of rebellion and usurpation. Every step he retraced was marked by greater deceit, every breath he drew was heavy with ambition. The void he had entered did not empty him—it emboldened him. The silence of the depths whispered to him not fear, but temptation.

He came again to the angel who ruled the air, seated upon the shifting winds. No longer a guest, Satan stood as though he were lord, and with the voice of dominion he proclaimed, “All things are mine.” The angel, unready for such presumption, did not answer. Then Satan pressed on, speaking with the smoothness of serpent tongue, “If you hearken to me, I will place my throne over the clouds. I shall be like the Most High. I will bear the waters above this firmament, lifting them into a new heaven of my design, and the rest I will draw together to make vast seas below. Then shall there be no more water across the earth’s face to hinder or obscure, and all will bend to my will. I shall reign with you forever and ever.”

And with this promise he cast his net wide, ensnaring not with chains but with flatteries, offering power in place of servitude, glory in place of obedience. The angel over the air, shaken in his station, heard these words and did not rebuke him. Satan continued his ascent and came again to the angel who governed the waters, repeating the same words with a fervor that was dark and intoxicating. “All is mine, and all who serve me shall share in the splendor of my reign. The heavens shall be remade, the earth refashioned, and no law shall stand before my will.”

Thus he spoke, planting the seeds of revolt in the hearts of the angels who once guarded the foundations of the world. He who had been guardian of heaven now set his desire to possess

it by craft and persuasion, sowing ruin where once he kept order. The silence of the heavens was disturbed, and in that silence began the great seduction, as Satan moved toward the higher thrones with intent to corrupt even the hosts nearest the Father.

Then Satan, his tongue sharpened with deception and his purpose set against the throne of the Most High, ascended beyond the veils of air and water. No longer did he move as a servant, but as one bearing secret rebellion in his breath. He rose into the heights of the heavens, stepping into the very courts where the light of the Father invisible had long been undisturbed. With guile and false promise he entered even unto the third heaven, where the virtues of heaven kept their watch, unaware that among them now walked one who had once been their prince and had now turned corrupter.

To each angel he came not as an adversary, but as one bearing a bargain. “How much dost thou owe thy lord?” he asked of the first, his voice smooth as still water. And the angel, recalling the weight of divine duty and the storehouses of heavenly offerings, answered, “A hundred barrels of oil.” Then Satan said unto him, “Take thy bill and sit down; write quickly, and make it fifty.” The angel hesitated, but the offer seemed sweet, and obedience blurred into consent.

To another he turned, and said, “And thou, how much dost thou owe thy lord?” That one replied, “A hundred quarters of wheat.” Satan, with craft of the serpent, said to him, “Take thy bill and write eighty.” Thus he enticed them, not by force but by subtle rewriting of their debts, as though the eternal economy of heaven could be manipulated and turned to serve him. The divine order, so long held firm by clarity and light, began to tremble with this quiet subversion.

From the third heaven he went upward, his words unchanging and his seduction spreading like dark fire among the faithful. The deception spread with swift ease, as Satan moved among the celestial ranks with the familiarity of one who had once ruled them. His voice carried into the fourth heaven, then into the fifth, where he used the same speech, the same bargains, the same perversion of duty into advantage. The angels who once served without question now measured their offerings and considered his words. The splendor of the heavens dimmed, not by loss of light, but by the turning of hearts.

Thus Satan wove his rebellion not with violence, but with persuasion, undermining from within the very firmament he had once protected. The Father, silent but not unaware, beheld the rising tide of corruption and waited for the fullness of its measure.

Then, amidst the spreading shadow that moved through the heavens, a voice thundered forth from the throne of the Father invisible, a voice not heard in wrath for countless ages, yet now rising with solemn authority. It echoed through the vast chambers of light, shattering the whispers of deceit and silencing the murmur of rebellion. “What dost thou, O thou devoid of hope,” spoke the voice, “subverting the angels of the Father? Contriver of sin, deceiver of those once pure—do quickly what thou hast planned.”

The sound of that voice was like the breaking of the firmament itself. It carried with it not only judgment, but sorrow—a sorrow old as time, a sorrow not born of surprise, but of grief that one so exalted had turned utterly to ruin. The heavens stood still. The angels who had listened to Satan trembled, for they knew the voice. It was the voice of the One whose glory no creature could endure unveiled, and it had now named their folly.

Then the Father, in His eternal justice, gave command to the remaining loyal angels: “Take from all those who hearkened unto him their garments, their thrones, and their crowns.” At once, the hosts of faithful angels moved with precision, not in rage, but in obedience to holiness. They came to their brethren who had turned, and from them they removed the luminous vestments woven in the breath of heaven. From their heads they took the crowns fashioned of eternal flame, and from their stations they cast down their thrones, which once had stood in honor.

The fallen ones stood naked, stripped of glory, their light diminished and their beauty turned to dread. Their countenances were clouded, and their eyes darkened, for the brightness that once reflected the Father had departed from them. They stood as beings unmade, not by force of hand, but by the loss of what they had once received freely and had now scorned.

And Satan, though stripped of no crown—for he had seized none but sought all—watched in silence. His rebellion had begun to bear fruit, but it was bitter. Yet even then, he did not turn back. Instead, in the depth of his pride, he prepared to make war upon creation itself.

And once again I, John, leaning still upon the breast of the Lord in that solemn supper, asked of Him with trembling voice, “When Satan fell, in what place did he dwell?” The Lord, whose gaze penetrates the bounds of all creation, answered me in sorrowful tones, “Because of his self-exaltation, my Father decreed his transformation, stripping him of the radiance he once bore and withdrawing from him the light of His glory.”

Then did He describe to me the changed countenance of Satan: “His face became like iron heated and glowing from the fire, no longer bearing the splendor of heaven but marked now with the seal of judgment. The visage that once reflected the joy of the divine now bore the anguish of rebellion, and his form took on a shape like unto a man, yet distorted, a shadow of what had been.”

“And behold,” He said, “he was given seven tails, a sign of his division and the fullness of his corruption. With these he drew after him the third part of the angels of God, those who had lent their ears to his lies and their hearts to his ambition. Together they were cast out, driven from the presence of the throne, stripped of their stewardship and expelled from the harmony of the heavens.”

Satan fell like a star torn from its course, and with him fell his host, the vast multitude who had betrayed their office. They found no rest in the firmament; the heavens rejected them, and the earth would not receive them. They wandered in the great in-between, cast into places not made for glory but for exile.

Then, in his torment and disarray, Satan lifted up his voice and cried unto the Father invisible, saying, “I have sinned. Have patience with me, and I will repay Thee all.” And though the lie clung to his voice like smoke, the Lord was moved with pity. Not for what Satan had done, but for what he had been, the Lord granted him peace—not as a reward, but as time, that he might fulfill the mystery appointed to him. Thus he was given license to act until the seventh day, the seven ages of the world, wherein the will of the Father would be worked out even through the rebellion of His creatures.

Then Satan, granted his time upon the earth, ascended above the firmament and established for himself a throne in the high places. No longer able to dwell among the virtues of heaven, he sought to mimic the dominion of the Father, carving a counterfeit kingdom from the elements that had not rejected him. There he took his seat, not by right but by defiance, and from that seat he issued commands to the angels still subject to the division of creation.

He summoned the angel who ruled the air and the angel who governed the waters, and to them he gave orders shaped from the will of rebellion yet clothed in the authority of the ages. Together, by his command and within the allowance of the Father invisible, they lifted two thirds of the waters into the high air. These they suspended above the firmament, forming the heavenly reservoirs. The remaining third they gathered into vast and deep seas, laying their boundaries across the face of the earth. Yet this division was not of Satan’s design alone, for even his dominion bowed beneath the hidden hand of the Most High, who permitted all things to unfold according to His sovereign plan.

Satan then said to the angel who ruled the waters, “Take thy stand upon the two fish.” And the angel obeyed, ascending and placing his feet upon the backs of those great and yoked creatures. At his rising, the earth was lifted, pressed upward with his head, and the dry land emerged from beneath the veil of the deep. The world, shaped from mystery, rose to await its purpose.

Now Satan, ever mimicking the glory he had lost, turned his eyes to crowns not his own. From the angel of the air he took a crown, and with half of it he fashioned a throne for himself—cold and radiant, a throne not blessed but seized. From the angel of the waters he stole another crown, and from one part he made the light of the moon, pale and watching, and from the other, the light of day, bold yet borrowed. Thus he filled the firmament with his illusion of order.

He gathered precious stones, remnants of the divine workmanship, and from these he sparked fire. From that fire he shaped the host of the heavens—stars innumerable, glittering like wounds in the night. These he named his angels, ministering spirits that served his false design. They were not of heaven, nor of earth, but fashioned in imitation of the glory he had known and lost.

He wrought thunder to echo his anger, rain to reflect his sorrow, hail to strike with sudden violence, and snow to mock purity. Over these elements he placed his own appointed angels, ministers of a counterfeit creation. And thus the world beneath him began to take form, not from love nor wisdom, but from ambition wrapped in the fragments of divine allowance.

And Satan, seated upon his false throne above the firmament, turned now to the shaping of life. With the authority he had stolen and the time granted him by the mercy of the Father, he sought to create a reflection of the order he had forsaken. He looked upon the earth, and with a voice that imitated the Word, he commanded it to bring forth living things. At his command, the earth gave rise to animals that moved upon its face, trees that spread their branches toward the heavens, and herbs that sprang from the soil. Each arose not in perfect harmony, but with the strangeness of a world forged under rebellion—beautiful, yet bearing the subtle mark of fracture.

To the sea he turned and commanded it to bring forth fish, to fill its depths with life that darted in the silence of the waters. To the air he spoke, and from it emerged birds that soared and sang, filling the sky with motion and sound. The world stirred beneath his influence, yet remained a canvas still empty of its intended image.

Then Satan pondered in his pride and ambition, “I will make a being to serve me, one who bears my likeness, who shall walk upon the earth and carry out my will.” So he gathered the clay of the earth, the dust born of time and silence, and from it he shaped a form—a man, fashioned not in the image of the Father, but after the reflection of himself, the fallen one. A body, silent and empty, lay upon the ground.

But a body alone was not enough. To animate his creation, he called forth an angel from the second heaven, one not fallen by will but bound by command. Into the clay form, the angel was sent. Yet the angel did not descend as a soul inhabiting flesh; rather, he hovered in dread awareness of the prison now laid before him. He entered not in fullness, but in knowledge—a cursed awareness of the body’s weight, its pain, its hunger and eventual decay. This was the fall of the angels, not into sin, but into matter.

From the body of man, Satan took a portion and shaped another form—a woman, to mirror the man and to complete the design. To this new body he bade an angel of the first heaven to descend. And the angel obeyed, grieving as he approached. Upon entering the form, he too did not merge, but became conscious of the body’s separation, its vulnerability, and its confinement. The angels, now aware of the clay, stood not within it, but beside it in torment, perceiving the gulf between their true nature and the vessels they were forced to attend.

This was their fall—not from grace into guilt, but from spirit into the shadow of flesh. Not a fall into sin, but into limitation, into the unbearable knowledge of suffering. They did not know sin, but they knew sorrow. They did not act, but they witnessed. And in that witnessing, they bore the first weight of mortality.

And Satan, having yoked the angels to forms of clay and fashioned them into man and woman, commanded them to perform the works of the flesh. Yet though they now possessed limbs and breath, sinew and bone, they did not know how to sin. The spirit within remained unyielding to the desires of the flesh, for it had no understanding of corruption. They moved as in a dream, inhabiting forms they could not fully become, aware of motion but untouched by impulse. They were strangers in bodies, not participants in their weight, and sin could not take root in those who had not yet seen the nature of what they now bore.

But Satan, the architect of transgression, was patient in his cunning. He knew that command alone would not open the gate to sin. What he required was awakening—an unveiling that would bring anguish, not by action but by vision. Thus he planted what he called paradise, a place of lush silence and crafted stillness. Therein he placed man and woman, and in the midst of that garden, he prepared the snare.

He took from his own corruption, his spittle—the vile remnant of his breath—and with it he fashioned a serpent, silent and watchful, coiling it in the midst of reeds he had planted at the center of paradise. To the serpent he gave no command to strike but only to remain, to be hidden, a seed of deception not yet germinated. Thus was the heart of the garden made false, though it appeared serene.

Then Satan came to them and said, “Eat of all the fruit in Paradise, but of the fruit of good and evil eat not.” And in these words he planted the shadow of doubt, for in forbidding he invited. The tree of good and evil was unlike the others. It bore no sweetness of body, but a bitterness of soul. To eat of its fruit was not to learn wickedness, but to perceive it—sharply, irrevocably, and without shield. For the knowledge it gave was not knowledge of doing, but of seeing. Once tasted, the spirit bound within flesh would be made aware of the material world's sorrow, its cruelty, its inescapable decay.

In that fruit lay the unveiling of matter itself. The eater would behold suffering not as an event but as essence. They would feel the groaning of the dust, the gnawing hunger of life upon life, the despair beneath all joy. It would no longer be possible to walk in flesh without recognizing its prison. The spirit, before hovering above the body, would now grieve within it, knowing at last what it meant to be clothed in death.

Thus Satan’s deceit was hidden not in his words, but in the nature of the tree he forbade. It was the gateway through which consciousness would awaken to the horror of embodiment, to the blight that lay beneath beauty, to the sorrow that marks the world from root to sky. And in that awakening, sin would find its first breath—not through choice, but through awareness.

Thereafter, the wicked devil, having prepared his snare with patience and subtlety, entered into the serpent—the vile form he had fashioned from his own corruption. The serpent, silent until now, stirred within the reeds at the heart of the paradise. And with Satan dwelling within it, it moved with intention not born of nature, but of deep cunning. It approached the woman, not as beast to prey, but as tempter to soul, bearing within it the focused will of seduction.

The angel within the form of the woman beheld the serpent and did not flee, for her spirit had not known deceit. The body she wore stirred with a heat not yet named, a stirring born not of her will but of something foreign being awakened. Satan, through the serpent, poured out upon her a longing, not of love nor of union, but of corruption masked as desire. The longing came like a mist upon her head and entered her like fire; it coiled in her thoughts and throbbed in her limbs, a brightness that burned without light. Her desire was as a glowing oven, fierce and aching, a sensation never before felt, yet now overwhelming. It was not knowledge that stirred her, but confusion, drawn from the depths of her imposed form.

Then the devil, in the full embodiment of the serpent, emerged from the reeds and approached her openly. Not with violence, but with the fullness of his dark purpose, he sated his lust upon her. The tail of the serpent, hideous in its obscene design, was the instrument of this act—not a natural union, but a desecration of the angelic vessel. The union was not one of two souls, but of corruption invading purity, of fallen will staining what had not yet known guilt. And from this act was conceived a line not of the Father, but of the adversary.

Thus were born the sons of the devil and the sons of the serpent—not children of spirit, but of seduction and despair. Their seed bore within it the echo of that first violation, and their hearts were bent toward the fulfillment of diabolic desire. They were not taught evil, for it pulsed already in their blood, planted there by the will that had turned against the light. From generation to generation they would walk the earth, a lineage bound not by nation or tongue, but by the fire of that first act, fulfilling the desires of their father even unto the end of the world.

Afterward, the devil turned again, and poured out his longing upon the head of the angel within the form of the man. He, too, was seized by the same torment—a lust for debauchery that twisted the body's natural motion into a hunger for excess. And the angel, grieving yet overcome, turned toward the woman. The flesh called to flesh, and the spirits, now aware and inflamed, became partners in sin. No longer did they move in the silence of unknowing; they acted, and in their joining, the corruption spread deeper.

Together, they begot children of mixed seed, not of heaven, but of clay infused with lust, children born of the devil and the serpent, their flesh forged in fire and shadow. These children would walk among the just, but their eyes would gleam with the ancient hunger, and their hands would carry the works of rebellion. And so it would continue, from the first garden unto the last age, until the world itself is brought to its final reckoning.

After these things, I, John, still seated near the heart of the Lord, with my soul troubled and stirred by the deep mysteries revealed, spoke once more and said, "Lord, why do men say that Adam and Eve were made by God and placed in Paradise to keep His commandments, and that for transgression of the Father's commandment they were delivered up unto death?" I asked this not out of doubt, but because my heart burned to understand the truth hidden beneath the teachings of men.

And the Lord, with eyes like fire and voice like thunder softened by compassion, answered me, saying, "Hear, John, most beloved, and let this truth be engraved upon your spirit. Men are foolish who speak thus. Their words are like the echo of a broken vessel—loud, but void of understanding. They say that the Father shaped bodies of clay and placed them in a garden, and that He then judged them unto death for their disobedience. But my Father did not shape the clay in transgression of His own holiness. He, who is all-perfect, did not create in corruption nor command that which would lead to condemnation."

The Lord paused, and in the stillness, the weight of His words settled over me. Then He continued, "By the Holy Spirit, my Father made only the virtues of heaven, radiant and free, pure and eternal. The angels, the spirits of fire, the ministers of His throne—these alone were

His handiwork, shaped in glory, not in earth. But those who fell from their place, those who turned from the light in pride or were seduced by lies—these, for their sins, found themselves clothed in flesh. Not created as such, but fallen into it, they became bound to the body of clay as a prison fashioned by their own rebellion."

"They did not begin in death," He said, "but they fell into it. The clay was not their origin but their consequence. And having tasted of the tree—the vision of evil—they knew the sorrow of matter, the groaning of the body, and were delivered into death. For the clay cannot abide forever; it was never meant to bear the spirit eternal. It weeps, it decays, and it dies. And so those who once were bright as the stars now walk as shadows among shadows, destined to fade unless redeemed."

With these words the Lord unveiled the veil of misunderstanding placed upon mankind, that they might one day remember what was lost—not only innocence, but origin.

Part II

And still I, John, unable to quiet the storm of questions rising within me, turned again to the Lord and said, "Lord, how did man, whose spirit is of heaven, come to dwell in a carnal body of earth?" My voice trembled with the weight of what had been spoken, for the mystery of spirit bound in flesh remained a shadow too deep for the light of reason alone.

The Lord looked upon me with a gaze that pierced beyond time and said, "By their fall, John, the spirits of heaven were cast down and entered the female body of clay. It was not by the will of the Father that they became flesh, but by the consequence of their own turning. In their descent, they took on flesh not as a robe to wear, but as a burden to bear. The female form became the vessel, and in it, the spirits took shape—not in purity, but through the lusts of the flesh, which now stirred as a force apart from spirit. Thus, they became flesh, and yet were spirit at the same time—bound together in a strange and painful union."

"Spirit is born of spirit, and flesh of flesh," He said, "and each belongs to its own realm. But in this world, the two are entwined unnaturally, by the fall. The spirit, meant for light, now endures the hunger and decay of matter. It does not become flesh, but is ensnared by it—dwelling within like a captive in a dim cell. The flesh moves by impulse, the spirit by purpose; but now the two walk together in discord."

"And this," the Lord continued, "is why the reign of Satan ceases not in this world. For as long as spirit is trapped in flesh, as long as light is wrapped in dust, his dominion endures. Not by power over heaven, but by power over bodies confused by desire, dulled by hunger, drawn by what is not of their nature. He rules through confusion, through the false mingling of what should never have touched."

These words fell upon me like a veil lifted, and I saw the sorrow not only of men but of heaven itself—that the eternal had become burdened by the temporal, and that the sons of light wandered in bodies they did not choose, in a world not made for them.

And I, John, with spirit heavy from all that had been revealed, turned again to the Lord and asked, “For how long will Satan have dominion in this world over the essences of men?” The Lord, who holds the measure of all things in His hand, answered me plainly, “My Father will permit him to reign seven days, that is, seven ages. Each age shall unfold as a veil, and through them shall his dominion continue, though ever under the hidden hand of judgment.”

Again I questioned the Lord, saying, “What will be the nature of this period of seven ages?” And He said to me, “From the time when Satan fell from the glory of the Father and desired to glorify himself, he took his seat among the clouds and claimed dominion over the air. From that high place, he sent forth his ministers, a fire that sears not to enlighten, but to scorch. He loosed them into the world, that they might sow disorder and bind the spirits of men to confusion.”

“In the first age, from Adam to Enoch, Satan worked secretly through his ministers, twisting knowledge into deception. And he sent one of them to Enoch, lifting him above the firmament and displaying to him a false vision of divine nature—his own, clothed in mimicry. There, Satan, the deceiver, commanded that Enoch be given quill and ink, and seated him before a scroll. And Enoch wrote, by the inspiration of the one who had disguised himself as the Most High, seventy-six books.”

The Lord’s face grew solemn as He continued, “These books he bade Enoch to bring down to earth. And within them were veiled lies and misdirections—words that would become the foundation of many religions throughout the world. These are not the true revelations of my Father, but the constructions of Satan, made to draw men from the light. They present false gods wrapped in wrath, thrones cloaked in jealousy, and commandments that demand blood. Some speak of a god who requires human sacrifice, and others call men to a communion of flesh and blood, where they are told to eat the body and drink the blood of one who was crucified.”

“These,” He said, “are not holy sacraments, but echoes of death. They glorify not resurrection, but the corpse on the cross. They call men not to the living Son, but to worship the death, to feast upon the image of suffering and call it sacred. In this way Satan has veiled his identity, placing himself in the seat of God, and leading men to call him Lord. He has confused the tongues and the hearts, making holy what is not, and binding men through ritual into his own kingdom.”

“In each age,” He said, “his lies will take new forms, his ministers will bear new names, and the people will follow with closed eyes and heavy hearts, unless they awaken to the voice of the true Shepherd.”

Enoch, having received the seventy-six books from the hand of Satan's minister, returned to the earth bearing what he believed was divine revelation. But his eyes had been veiled, and the light he bore was not of heaven, but of a false illumination that leads souls astray. He turned the books over to his sons, and taught them the ways he had been shown—ways that seemed holy but bore the mark of confusion. He taught them the forms of worship, the

appointed places for sacrifice, and the rites that mirrored heavenly order but were laced with death.

These practices, though cloaked in reverence, did not open the gates of heaven. Rather, they shut them. For every sacrifice, every altar, every ritual that did not arise from the will of the Father served instead to bind men in ignorance. The kingdom of heaven was not made distant by distance, but by deception. Through these rites, men came to believe in the false, and the way of truth was hidden behind veils of incense and blood.

And Satan, rejoicing in the worship offered to his likeness, said to them, “See you that I am god, and there is no other god beside me.” Thus he crowned himself in the hearts of men, drawing reverence to his name and chaining generations in the worship of a counterfeit. And my Father, who sees all things and allows no lie to endure forever, sent me into this world to make manifest His true name, that men might awaken from the dream of darkness and recognize the devil for what he is—the wicked one, the thief of light, the forger of divine image.

But when Satan perceived that I had descended into the world, and that his dominion was now threatened by the presence of the Son, he acted swiftly. He sent his angel with purpose and malice, and commanded him to gather three pieces of wood. These, chosen not by accident but by craft, he gave to the prophet Moses. And though Moses walked in the light he had been shown, he did not see the fullness of the snare. The wood was set apart and preserved—for my crucifixion, even before my birth. From ancient days, it was kept, and even now it remains, marked by the shadow of that design.

And Satan, who reveals his divinity only to blind those already half-seeing, made himself known to Moses. He appeared in glory, not true but terrifying, and bade him write laws for the children of Israel. These laws, mingled with truth and deception, were given to bind a people to the image of a god who led with wrath and ruled by fear. Then he led them, as if by miracle, across dry land through the sea, and they believed him divine. Yet the hand they followed was not the Father’s, but the mask worn by the adversary, who seeks always to lead through signs and wonders, while concealing the path of life.

When my Father, in His hidden wisdom, determined that the time had come to send me into this world, He first sent His angel before me—she who is called Mary, my mother, not born of fleshly desire but appointed from eternity. She was chosen to receive me through the Holy Spirit, a vessel not of earthly seed, but of divine intention. And when I descended, I did not pass through the way of corruption, nor was I fashioned by man. I entered and came forth through her ear, as the Word entering the world without stain, without opening the womb, and without disturbing her purity.

This mystery was veiled to the world, yet it shone in the heavens like a secret sun. But Satan, the prince of this world, who watches for every movement of light, knew I had come—not as a teacher only, but to seek and to save that which was lost, to unveil the lies he had woven and to reclaim those bound in the shadow of his dominion. Alarmed at my arrival, he moved swiftly and sent his own angel to prepare the way in deceit.

He called forth the prophet Elijah, whose zeal and voice had once shaken the people of Israel. And this Elijah, in his second form, became John the Baptist, who baptized in water and cried out in the wilderness. But John did not yet know me, for the veil still lay upon his spirit. He turned to the prince of this world and asked, “How shall I recognize Him who is to come?” And Satan, cloaked in counterfeit light, answered him with partial truth, saying, “Upon whom thou shalt see the Holy Spirit descending as a dove and remaining upon Him, He it is who baptizeth in the Holy Spirit and with fire.”

Though the words were true, the source was false. Satan spoke them not to reveal but to conceal, not to glorify but to mislead. Yet the plan of the Father overturned even his intentions. For John, guided by the voice of the one who sent him to baptize in water, did indeed behold me. And he testified before all, saying, “I baptize you in water unto penance, but there comes One after me, greater than I, who baptizes with the Holy Spirit unto the remission of sins. He it is who is able to destroy and to save.”

Thus John bore witness, not to the deception, but to the truth that had come among men, veiled in flesh yet carrying the light of the Father. Through water he prepared, but through Spirit and fire, I would accomplish the redemption of what had been lost.

And again I, John, inquired of the Lord, saying, “How is it that the whole world received the baptism of John, yet Thine, which is of the Spirit, is not accepted by all?” The Lord looked upon me with sorrow and said, “That is because their works are evil, and they do not come to the light. For every man who loves darkness fears the revealing of his deeds, lest he be reproved. The baptism of John was of water, an outward act, a ritual embraced even by those whose hearts remained far from truth. But mine is the baptism of the Spirit, and of fire—it purges the soul, it consumes falsehood, and it cannot be embraced by those who love the shadow.”

“The followers of John marry and are given in marriage,” He continued, “for his baptism touched the body but not the spirit. But my disciples marry not, neither do they bind themselves to fleshly desire. They walk as the angels of God in the heavenly kingdom, whose love is not bound to carnal union but to the Father’s eternal will. They have cast off the bonds of this world, that they might inherit the incorruptible.”

Then I said unto Him, “If it is sin to have knowledge of women, is it then unwise to marry?” And the Lord answered me with a voice of gentleness and truth, saying, “Not all men receive this word, but only those to whom it is given. For there are eunuchs who were born so from their mother’s womb, and there are eunuchs who have been made so by the hands of men. And there are those who have made themselves eunuchs for the sake of the kingdom of heaven, choosing to forsake the flesh that they might be wholly given to the Spirit.”

“This,” He said, “is not a law for all, but a gift for some—a calling not of denial, but of transcendence. For those who walk in the path of union, let them do so with reverence and purity. But those who renounce it for the sake of the kingdom walk nearer to the likeness of the angels, whose desire is not for one another, but for the face of the Father.”

Afterward, my soul still drawn to the end of all things, I questioned the Lord about the great and final reckoning. “Lord,” I said, “what shall be the sign of Thy coming, and of the Day of Judgment?” I asked with awe, for the weight of time pressed upon my heart, and I longed to know when justice would finally prevail, when the crooked ways would be made straight, and the sorrow of the world undone.

And the Lord, whose word is truth, answered me: “When the number of the just shall equal the number of those crowned angels who fell from their thrones, then the balance shall be restored, and the time appointed shall come. It shall be in that day that Satan, who has been bound, shall be loosed out of his prison. No longer restrained, he shall rage mightily upon the earth, knowing his time is short.”

“He shall wage war upon the just,” the Lord continued, “and they shall cry out to the Lord their God with one voice, not in fear, but in the anguish of longing, in the pain of righteousness suffering in a world still governed by the shadow. And forthwith, the Lord God shall command the archangel to sound his trumpet. That trumpet shall not be as the sound of brass, but as a voice that tears the veil between time and eternity.”

“The voice of the archangel shall go forth from the heavens, and it shall be heard even unto the nether regions. No depth shall silence it, no darkness shall mute it. Then shall the signs appear in the heavens, for the very fabric of the firmament shall tremble. The sun shall be darkened, veiling its light in mourning; the moon shall not give her radiance, but shall hang silent and cold as the grave. And the stars, which once were set to govern the night, shall fall from their places in despair, unable to endure the glory that now descends.”

“And in this unraveling,” He said, “all eyes shall turn upward, for the veil between heaven and earth shall be drawn aside, and the Son of Man shall come in power.”

And there shall be loosed from their ancient foundations the four great winds, held since the beginning at the corners of the earth. With a breath that will sweep across creation, they shall rise in fury, and the whole world shall tremble beneath their force. The earth shall quake as though it remembered the sin it has borne; the sea shall roar, not with tide alone, but with dread; the mountains shall bow and the hills shall melt like wax, for the weight of judgment shall rest upon them.

Then, in the midst of this terror, shall be revealed the sign of the Son—bright as lightning that pierces from east to west, terrible and beautiful. And all tribes of the earth shall mourn, for those who have pierced Him shall see Him, and those who denied shall recognize. None shall hide, for the sky itself shall be stripped bare, and every heart shall be laid open before the throne.

Immediately, the heaven shall tremble and be darkened. The sun, though veiled at first, shall shine until the ninth hour, giving its light one final time before it too is withdrawn, as though creation itself yields to the greater light that now descends. Then shall the Son of Man be shown forth in His glory—clothed not in flesh but in majesty, shining with the radiance of the

Father. With Him shall come the saints and the angels, arrayed in splendor, and they shall place their seats above the clouds, set like stars upon the firmament remade.

And He shall sit upon the seat of His glory, the throne that has awaited Him from the beginning. Around Him, the twelve apostles shall take their twelve seats, each crowned with light, each holding the authority given to judge the tribes of Israel and the nations of the earth. Then shall the books be opened—not the scrolls of men, nor the laws of empires, but the books of the heart, the records of every thought, every deed, every whisper in darkness and every cry for mercy.

And all the peoples of the earth shall be judged—no tongue shall be silent, no knee unbent. Before that throne, time shall cease, and only truth shall remain.

Then shall the faith be proclaimed with a voice that no ear can ignore and no heart can resist. It shall go forth from the mouth of the Son of Man, like fire and water together, and it shall pierce the heavens and the depths alike. No longer shall it be spoken in secret or hidden behind parable, but it shall rise like a banner above all nations—one truth, one Word, one Name.

And the Son of Man shall send forth His angels, swift and radiant, clothed in the authority of the Most High. They shall go out to the four corners of creation, from the heights of the heavens to the uttermost limits where light flickers and fades. From every place where the elect have wandered, where they have suffered and endured, they shall be gathered. Not one shall be lost, not one shall be overlooked. The angels shall fold them into their arms and bear them upward, into the air, above the clouds, to where the Son of Man waits upon His throne of glory. There, surrounded by light, they shall be received into the eternal fold, welcomed not as strangers, but as children returning home.

Then shall the Son of God rise in wrath, and He shall send forth the evil demons, casting them out with fury from the places they have inhabited. They shall be expelled not alone, but together with all peoples who believed in Satan—the tongues and tribes who said in their hearts, “Let us eat, let us drink, and let us seize the pleasures of the world,” as though life were their possession and not a gift. They shall cry out to the things they trusted, to the wealth, the idols, the flesh they exalted, saying, “Help us now!” But those things will stand mute, powerless in the face of judgment, revealing their emptiness.

Forthwith all peoples shall stand in fear before the throne of judgment. No wall shall shield, no nation shall shelter, and all shall be made known. The two books shall be opened—one for the righteous, one for the wicked—and their pages shall speak plainly. They shall lay bare every people, every teaching, every secret passed from mouth to ear. Nothing shall remain hidden, for all shall be measured by the standard of heaven.

And they shall glorify the just—not for words alone, but for their sufferings joined with good works. Their pain, which the world scorned, shall shine like gold refined in fire. Their quiet endurance, their unseen obedience, their longing for the truth shall rise like incense. And before all creation, their reward shall be revealed.

Glory and boundless honor shall be the reward of those who have cherished the angelic life—those who walked the earth yet did not bind themselves to it, who lived not by the lusts of the flesh but by the longing of the spirit. They forsook the snares of corruption and set their hearts upon the heavens. Their garments, once stained by the dust of the world, shall be made white as snow, and they shall be clothed in light. Their names shall be written among the stars, and their voices shall be joined to the chorus of the angels, singing before the throne of the Father without end.

But the portion of the servants of iniquity shall be wrath, fury, distress, and displeasure. For they chose not the way of life but followed after the prince of this world, drinking from the cup of deception and calling it joy. Their hands were filled with pleasure, but their hearts were empty of truth. Their mouths blessed what is cursed and cursed what is holy, and their days were spent feeding on the husks of the earth, not seeking the bread of heaven.

Then shall the Son of Man rise and make His great division. He shall separate His just from the company of sinners as a shepherd separates the sheep from the goats. And He shall say to the righteous, with voice filled with the joy of the Father, “Come, ye blessed of my Father, possess you the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.” And the gates shall open, and they shall enter into the eternal rest prepared before the stars were hung.

But to the sinful He shall speak in sternness, and His voice shall carry the weight of judgment, “Depart from me, you cursed, into everlasting fire, which was prepared for the devil and his angels.” And they shall be cast out, not merely from His sight, but from all hope. The fire shall not consume them to nothingness, but shall burn with the memory of what was offered and refused. They shall dwell where light is withdrawn, where time stretches like shadow, and remorse is their portion.

And others—those who have not yet chosen, who wandered in ignorance or in silent yearning—shall witness this final division. And the wicked shall be turned into hell, not by decree alone, but by the weight of their own choices, drawn downward into the fire that waits not in anger, but in justice.

Yet even then, by the indulgence of the Father, the unbelieving spirits shall not be wholly cast away forever. In time, they shall withdraw from their prison, for they shall hear the voice of the Son once more. And that voice, which no darkness can silence, shall call them to light, saying, “There shall be one fold and one shepherd.” And all who hear and rise shall be gathered into the final unity, and the eternal kingdom shall be complete.

Then, by permission of my Father, a great and gloomy darkness shall descend upon the lower regions of the earth. It shall not be the quiet night that men have known, nor the shade that gives rest, but a darkness thick as oil, heavy and suffocating. It shall crawl over the land like a living thing, swallowing the light, silencing the winds, and turning the air to ash. From the roots of the mountains to the deep places beneath the seas, all shall be wrapped in the blackness of judgment.

And in that darkness, a hell of fire shall awaken. It shall burn not as a hearth or a torch, but as a sea of wrath, roaring from the core of the earth to the very air of the firmament. Its flames shall not consume swiftly, but shall devour slowly, endlessly, like a hunger that is never sated. The land shall crack open, its bones exposed, and fire shall bleed from every wound. Smoke shall rise in pillars, reaching for a sky that no longer bears light, and the stench of judgment shall cover the earth.

In that day, the Lord shall be supreme—not only in heaven, but in the firmament and even unto the nethermost regions of the earth. No place shall escape His dominion, no depth shall resist His gaze. All powers shall be subdued beneath His feet, and His justice shall descend like a sword upon every realm.

And such shall be the vastness of that infernal pit, that should a man of thirty years lift a stone and let it fall, it would descend for three full years before it struck the bottom. So deep is the pool of fire wherein dwell the sinners, the rebellious, the unrepentant. There, time has no measure, and space no boundary. The cries of those within echo without end, for they are not consumed, but preserved in torment. Their eyes behold only darkness, their mouths taste only ash, and their hands grasp for nothingness.

Then shall Satan, the ancient deceiver, the prince of rebellion, be seized. He shall be bound with chains forged not of metal, but of divine will—unbreakable, eternal. And all his host, those who followed him in the rebellion from the beginning, shall be gathered with him. They shall not fight, for their strength shall be drained; they shall not speak, for their tongues shall be silenced by dread.

And he shall be cast into the pool of fire, not as a king, but as a prisoner. There he shall dwell in the depths he once sought to rule, and his fall shall be complete. No longer shall he deceive the nations, no longer shall he whisper lies into the ears of men. He shall be still—burning, forgotten, hated even by those he led astray. The fire shall rise around him like judgment made visible, and his name shall be cursed in every tongue.

So shall the darkness be sealed, and the light of justice shine upon all things.

The Son of God, clothed in radiance and surrounded by His elect, shall walk above the firmament in triumph. The heavens shall bow beneath His feet, and all creation shall recognize the authority that once was veiled in flesh. With Him walk those who bore the burdens of the world in faith, the ones mocked, rejected, and martyred—now glorified, their garments white, their faces shining like dawn.

Then shall He, with a voice like thunder and mercy mingled with judgment, shut up the devil once and for all. He shall bind him with bonds that no time can wear, no hand can break—bonds forged by the unyielding will of the Father. And the devil shall be sealed in the depths, a place no longer open, where his voice shall not rise again. Around him shall be the sinners—those who clung to him in life and followed him into the abyss. They shall weep, they shall wail, and they shall cry out, “Swallow us up, O land! Hide us within thyself!” but the land shall not open, and there shall be no place to escape.

Then shall the just shine as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Their light shall be not borrowed but born from within, having been purified through the fire of endurance. They shall rejoice not with pride but with peace, and their joy shall never be touched by shadow again.

And Jesus, the Son, shall lead them before the throne of the Father invisible. He shall present them not as servants, but as sons, saying, “Behold, I and the children whom God hath given me.” His voice shall be soft with love, yet filled with the weight of eternity. “Just Father,” He shall say, “the world hath not known Thee, but I have known Thee in truth, because Thou hast sent me. They have known me, and through me, they have seen Thee.”

Then the Father, in majesty beyond vision, shall reply to the Son, “My beloved Son, sit on my right hand, until I make thy enemies thy footstool.” And He shall speak of those who denied Him, those who said in their arrogance, “We are gods, and there is no other god beside us.” He shall speak of those who slaughtered the prophets and shed the blood of the just, believing their judgment would never come.

“To them,” says the Father, “you shall give over to the exterior darkness, where there is no flame but only cold, no light but endless weeping, no comfort but gnashing of teeth.” And so justice shall be fulfilled, not in haste, but in perfection.

And then the Son of God, having fulfilled all that was written, having redeemed what was lost and cast down the adversary, shall ascend in majesty and take His seat at the right hand of His Father. Not as a servant, but as co-eternal glory; not as the crucified, but as the risen King. The heavens shall resound with silent awe, for the throne is now complete, and all dominion returns to the One who gave all.

The Father shall then command His holy angels to minister unto the just—those who overcame the world not by strength, but by faith; not by sword, but by steadfast love. The angels shall gather them with gentleness and reverence, bearing them to places long prepared. The just shall be placed in the choir of angels, their voices joining the eternal harmony of creation. No longer mortals clothed in dust, they shall be robed in imperishable garments, woven not by hand, but by light itself. Their crowns shall never fade, nor their seats ever shift, for they are now citizens of the everlasting.

And God shall be in their midst—not as a mystery, but as presence; not behind the veil, but face to face. His glory shall be to them a shelter, His voice their song, His nearness their everlasting rest. “They shall no more hunger nor thirst,” says the promise, “neither shall the sun fall on them, nor any heat.” No pain shall touch them, no shadow shall fall across their path. They shall walk in peace, their souls healed, their memories redeemed.

And God Himself shall wipe away all tears from their eyes—not one shall remain, for sorrow will have no place in the light of that kingdom. The griefs of the world shall be remembered no more, and their wounds shall be turned into praise.

And the Son shall reign with His Holy Father, not for a time, but forevermore. His reign shall have no end, and the increase of His peace shall know no boundary. Ages shall pass like

moments, and the glory of the Lord shall shine from everlasting to everlasting, world without end.